

graduates of to-day, and I have done. Gentlemen, from the time when you entered on your courses of study at McGill you have looked forward to this occasion as the crowning of all your hopes. I can easily imagine the feelings with which you regard the future. The world seems at your very feet, and you ask yourselves what more you can do now that the goal of your ambition has been reached. You will, however, find that world hard to overcome, and the goal but a passing illusion. When the realities of life face you in sober earnest you will learn that the relation in which you stood to McGill was not one-sided, that you were not her passive victims released on a happy day of triumph. Do not believe that the sentiment I heard expressed by one of you when he had finished his examination work is a true one. "He had written the last pen-stroke for McGill," he said. Nay, rather, should it have been *in* McGill. You must, indeed, be wanting in gratitude if you look upon this University as a mental torture-house from which you have at length escaped. Your education is but just begun, believe me; it should end only with your lives. The University will expect you to maintain her fair fame, and, wherever you may be placed, she believes that some of you will not forget this, but will remember to repay her care by good honest work—work which she may at no distant day herself take in hand and make as honourable and honoured as that which you have just wrought. What you are destined to become is, in some measure, due to the training you have received within these walls. And the aim of that training should have been not to cram into you during four short years a large portion of the sum-total of human knowledge, not to make those men who cared little for books mere mechanical readers for the rest of their lives; its aim should have been to make you *think* and *think rightly*; to make you discern the value of that sweetness and light we have heard so much about of late years; in short, to give you a keen apprecia-

tion of the golden worth of culture. And perhaps I shall not be wrong if I affirm that you will re-echo the words of a man whose mind was eminently healthy, of a man who did his full share of life's toil, of a man whose character needs no meed of praise—I speak of Sir Walter Scott—and that you will tell the graduating class of 1880, as you leave them, how much you feel the truth of his sentiments when he speaks of his University career in words like these:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that, through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, COBOURG.

The annual closing exercises of Victoria College, extending over three days, May 18th to 20th, were of a varied and unusually interesting character, the proceedings throughout being highly gratifying to the friends of the Institution. We had hoped to have given some information regarding the achievements of the university during the past academical year, and to have transferred to our columns the address of the learned principal, Dr. S. S. Nelles, to the graduating class of the college, but we find our space unfortunately forbids the extension of this department, in the present number, and we must defer the publication of the latter until another issue.
